

CAKE AND CUSTARD.

Baked custard is much richer and smoother if only the yolks of the eggs are used. Three or four eggs and a tablespoonful of corn starch to one quart of milk will do (when eggs are high) but six eggs and no corn starch would be much better.

If corn starch is used, mix smoothly with a little cold milk and stir into the rest of the milk, which should be scalding hot. Have the yolks of the eggs thoroughly beaten and pour the hot milk on to them, stirring rapidly. Put back over the fire again and stir constantly till it thickens. If cooked too long it will curdle. Put sugar with the milk before mixing with the eggs—five or six tablespoonfuls to a quart of milk will do. Flavor with vanilla when cool.

Some one may say: "What shall we do with the whites of the eggs if we are only to use the yolks?" There are lots of ways to dispose of them, but this is the most useful, as custards, like ice-cream, seem to require cake served with them.

This recipe is taken from Marion Harland's *Cooking for Beginners*. No doubt many readers of this column make a similar silver cake, but we can recommend this as reliable, and from experience say it is not likely to fail.

WHITE CAKE.

1 cup of butter, 2 cups of powdered sugar, 3 cups of prepared flour, 1 cup of sweet milk, whites of five eggs, 1 tablespoonful of essence of bitter almond. Cream butter and sugar; add milk and beat hard before putting in the whites of the eggs. Stir in frosting and, lightly and quickly, the prepared flour. Bake in small tins.

This has been made with common granulated sugar, four eggs instead of five, for prepared flour the same quantity flour and two small teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of saleratus. Water may also be substituted for milk, and, indeed, is better in all cakes—especially those which are to be kept for any length of time. Lemon may also be a more agreeable flavoring than almond.

By using the yolks and whites separately, with five eggs we have our custards and some very nice cake. Bake the cake in different tins; spread some with jelly and put together while warm. Frost some with chocolate frosting, made by melting one square of chocolate, add 1/2 cup of sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of water, boil a few minutes, then spread on the cake.

Gold frosting is pretty on this white cake, and is made by beating the yolks of eggs and adding sugar until stiff enough to spread without running. One yolk will make frosting enough for one tin of cake, and we can spare that for the custard. In this way we can have a variety of cake with very little extra trouble. If we don't want to make cake, the whites may be beaten to a stiff froth and put on the custards, or put all the custard in a deep dish and pile the white on top of them with bits of jelly. Only do not beat the whites until just before serving unless they can be cooked by dipping in the spoonful in boiling water, for otherwise the froth will not last.

The cake and custard can both be varied in many ways, and together or alone are excellent for summer time, either for tea or as a dessert for dinner.

Custards should be as cold as possible when eaten; then they are nearly as agreeable and full as wholesome as ice-cream.

—This letter will speak for itself. We wish some of our sisterhood would act upon this suggestion:

Dear Friends—

I was thinking today how much good we could do each other if we would only let down the little things we learn about our daily work, and send these helps to the Homemaker's Column. Why won't Aunt Olive, Mitty, Honor, Susan Green, and all the others who have helped us so much already, keep a diary of the things young housekeepers ought to know about, so we shall not have to learn by bitter experience.

I have found out one thing that perhaps others have not, that is how to avoid letting everyone in the house know that doughnuts are being fried by the smell of the fat. One day my fry fat had stood some time, so I pared a potato and cut it in thin slices and fried them before I did the doughnuts just as I do to clarify my fat. It made the fat so much sweeter, I have done so every time when trying doughnuts and now the people say, "Why, when did you fry doughnuts?"—I didn't smell them! Sometimes I do not fry all the slices first, but put in a few with each batch of doughnuts.

Beef fat, mutton, etc., may be clarified by using potato and then put in the frying kettle with part lard, and by using potato again no one would know but what it was lard.

Now, I feel as if I had done my part for a little while, and shall not dare to speak again until some one else does. R. P.

DELICATE PUDDING.

(Mrs. Lincoln.)

1 cup water, 1 cup fruit juice, 3 tablespoonfuls corn starch, 1/2 tablespoonful salt, sugar to taste, 3 eggs. Boil the water and fruit juice. Wet the corn starch in a little cold water, stir into the boiling syrup, and cook ten minutes. Add the salt and sugar to taste; the quantity depending upon the fruit. Beat the whites of the eggs till foamy, and stir into the starch. Turn at once into a mold. Serve cold with a boiled custard sauce made from the yolks of the eggs.

NICK LOAF CAKE.

Is made of one-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, one of sweet milk, two of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda, the whites of four eggs. Flavor with rose or almond.

Two large potatoes passed through a kitchen sieve.

Cut out a mound to the salad size. Of moderate mound add a single spoonful. Intersect the mound with holes two rows. But do not cut, then run of herbs, a salt to add a double quantity of salt.

Three times the spoon with oil of Lard. Cover with vinegar procured from Lard. Five Lard needs it, and your post long. The pointed pillow of two well boiled eggs. Let onion lie within the bowl.

And onion steeped, add the whole. And let it, on the five Lard compound two. Then, through green tartaric salt, through remission's touch.

And let and tartaric are not boiled enough. Remission's touch, the onion may not. "Fate onion have me, I have dried today."

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1884.

NUMBER 33.

VOLUME LI.

A LOUISIANA MONTE CHRISTO

There are few persons except it be strangers anxious to get a peep at the old and curious, in the Creole section of our city, but what would pass that old house on St. Ann Street, without even noticing its broad doorway through which carriages enter, or rather once entered, and the curiously wrought iron knocker with its dolphin's head and intricate design. There are so many houses of near kinship to it that an ordinary pedestrian should be excused. Two stories and a half in height, with a narrow gallery projecting over the sidewalk its once bright stucco in a deep varicolored condition, and over all an atmosphere of abandonment, and certainly is not calculated to elicit comment or even attention. A dusty, tired-looking pomegranate tree leans against a bit of fence that separates a small side yard from the street in that supplanting way age seeks support from stronger shoulders. Once it bloomed every spring, but now sometimes two or three seasons pass without a single bud, and then, some May morning comes round, and brilliant in their rich crimson, four or five blossoms will be found swinging merrily to gray gusts of wind that blow down the street.

An old man, dressed in a linen check blouse and Attakapas jeans pants can be found on the front gallery sometimes of summer evenings, not particularly attractive to look at, yet curious as an antique. His skin appears to have undergone a course of tanning, for the corrugations on his forehead, cheeks and chin are essentially leathery, and his watery gray eyes leave the impression that some of the tanning liquid must have got into them.

With all this, however, his head is well shaped; and his countenance still shows that, weather-beaten as it is, there was a time when its owner might have laid some claims to be a good-looking sort of person. Of afternoons he sits there inhaling the delicately perfumed smoke of his yellow paper cigarette, heeding nothing that is transpiring in the neighborhood. Indeed, people say that when Mrs. Evaristo's little glove cleaning establishment at the corner caught fire one evening, this old man hardly turned his head to look at the vigorous and noisy steam engines of the new regime at work to subdue the flames, but puffed on phlegmatically at his cigarette.

His only pilgrimage is to the French Market, and that daily with a little Indian basket. These dashes into the outer world he makes about 5 o'clock in the morning, and returns about half an hour later with a little meat, a loaf of bread and some vegetables. He must do his own cooking, for no attendant has ever been seen to enter the queer old place. Once or twice a year a dryman comes and carries off a load of empty bottles, but these jobs, when questioned, answer only that all they were sent three or four immense wine hogsheds, with hoops rusting off, in one of the back rooms down stairs, and ranks upon ranks of filled bottles in a building once used as a stable.

Few know the history of that house or its sole occupant.

Those who remember the good year 1851, in New Orleans, doubtless remember what an excitement there was over the drawing of the Havana lottery. In those days, before the depreciation of Cuban currency, a capital prize meant something, and for some reason the blind goddess, Fortune, seemed to have become enamored with her woemen in New Orleans. Month after month the schoolboys arriving here with the lottery lists would learn the tidings in a few hours that the lucky ticket had been purchased in this city, until at last Havana merchants regularly sent over here to buy their numbers.

At this time among all the brave galleons of Nouvelle Orleans there was probably no one whose judgment in all things was more sought by his comrades than Charles Larigot. His brilliant success at school in Paris, his sangfroid in an affair of honor with that bully, Henri Matamore, and his eloquent graces in ladies' society made him a favorite par excellence, and when to this was added a peculiar personal magnetism, one can readily see why the young men clustered around him. His sweeping mustache, and imperial was essayed by many a youth, and his hair spots were repeated all over the city.

Business he had none. He had arrived in the city from France with letters of recommendation as a remarkable naturalist and good fellow—that was all; and three months after his arrival he had vacated his garret in a tenement on the levee and taken up his quarters on Royal Street, preparatory to building himself a residence.

Money seemed to flow to him in a Nile flood and as rapidly was it absorbed in the sands of horses, the table and the opera. He was never seen to seek a specimen of natural history, and as for playing the taxidermist he smiled when friends asked him to have an exhibition of his dexterity. He had one hobby, however—and one that his friends rallied at him for and made little jokes about, and that hobby was turtle doves.

He had one large room filled with beautiful-wrought cages of these meek birds, and this chamber was kept as closely guarded as was Bluebeard's. These birds he fed himself and allowed no one to enter the room where they were kept.

With all the chiding he received regarding them, he answered merely that "a man must be crazy on one subject. He was turtle doves. They were the incarnation of true love."

About a year after his arrival his house in St. Ann Street was completed, and its opening was made the occasion of one of the most wonderful reunions the city has ever seen. Miguel had orders about the month before, the orchestra of the opera was engaged, the ballet was to perform on a stage in the yard, and each guest was to go home on a superb horse presented by the host. There were no ladies to be present, and therefore, their mode of conveyance was not provided for.

The programme was fully carried out, and for weeks Larigot's housewarming was the talk of the town.

It was not long after this that an old Creole negress he had purchased as a cook became communicative with the house servant of a neighbor, and it became known that Charles Larigot was a necromancer, child of the devil, magician, etc. The cook had noticed that every day, at 12 o'clock he would shut himself up in the rooms where the turtle doves were kept, and there with a paper in his hand would rush about taking notes and talking to himself. He performed some incantations, the cook said, and she wanted some one to buy her so that she could get out of the house. She had no cause of complaint as to her kind treatment, but she was a good Christian and feared contamination. It was not difficult in those days to excite the awe and superstition of a certain class of slaves. In fact, most of them revelled in it, and were disciples of Marie Laveaux and the voodooes.

Hints of these reports reached Larigot's ears, but he did not heed them, and with that same quiet smile and peculiar way of his hands brushed aside his informant's comments as a whiff of unpleasant tobacco smoke.

"He knew his own business," he said "and as for these *léties* what did he care for them?"

His expenses were enormous. He imported the choicest of wines in hogsheds, and had thousands of bottles filled with the rare varieties. He never wore a suit of clothes longer than a week. He was surrounded with the most expert servants and his dinners were wonders of gastronomy.

Where did the money come from? That was on every body's tongue. Those from whom he received his remittances must be pledged to secrecy or why should it not leak out?

His daily devotion to his doves never ceased through all of this. They were idle, his gods, and well they should have been.

At last, on one October day, when in this Southland nature, as if to throw one lingering loving look upon the earth before winter comes, put on a languent, voluptuous smile, and over field and river, there flew a soft, intoxicating atmosphere that touches the cheek as the breath of woman, and is perfumed with rich undertones of scent from ripe grasses and maturing cane—on such an October day a change came.

The first news of it was a surprised people seeing Charles Larigot rushing up Royal Street to the bank, his face ashen, his strong frame shaken as if by a storm. He wanted to know what balance there was to his credit. The cashier, started at his manner took a longer time than usual to inspect the books.

"Sixty thousand dollars I find," monsieur Larigot," said the official closing the ledger.

"Then let me have it," answered the excited man as he drew a check.

The money was paid over, and as Larigot left the counter, he muttered:

"This will keep me long enough to commence my system again," and he departed.

The cook, who had been so uninterested spectator of her master's sudden departure from the house, as is usual in such cases, held a consultation with the rest of the servants.

None could give a reason for Monsieur's action, and they were discussing the question with much volubility when the door of room servant announced that the door of the dove room was open.

They looked at one another.

The cook said that she would venture in if the coachman would follow.

He assented and they entered the sacred precincts.

There all was silence. One hundred cages and in each a turtle dove, but all dead.

The cook smiled as she picked up a limp mass of feathers that had been but a short time before a graceful, soft-eyed bird. She winked at the coachman as she muttered mysteriously:

"Somebody he voodooe ze dove, and he all die."

She was correct in her statement, for the birds had all been poisoned. The superstitions of the negro could no longer endure the strain, and her association of the doves with her master's strange and unseemly diabolical actions was enough. She would take his charm from him, and she poisoned the food before she gave it to her master for the birds.

Years after the above events, Charles Larigot, during a long sickness, confided to Dr. Lambert, his physician, the story of his earliest days, and particularly this wonderful phase of his career.

Whilst a student in Paris, he became infatuated with the works of *Di Chese*, an Italian servant on "Sympatica and Cascarilla, or Reflex Emotions." Filled with these wild theories he commenced a long course of experiments. He found that where the affinity between certain animals of the same genus was abnormally large, one would sicken and die on the death of the other.

Following out this idea he experimented with the more delicately organized, and found that in certain species a hint to one would be evinced by the other, although it was removed to a different apartment from its mate. On this he laid his theory. No matter how remote, animals of affinity will indicate the torture of the other.

Selecting the turtle dove as one of the most finely constituted species, and one in which the mates were nearest perfect unity he bred only from the best organized, until he produced a brood of birds of the most attenuated nervous system and abnormally attached to each other. After they were paired he secured the services of a fellow student at a certain hour to pull a feather from the wing of a male bird, while he with its mate half a mile off watched for developments. Punctually at the appointed time the female quivered, fluttered and showed every sign of anguish.

He had proved his theory. His law was good. Now to systemize its practical workings for the pecuniary benefit of himself and friend. He knew he had the wealth of Monte Christo before him. After he had mated 100 pairs of doves, he separated them, placing the male of the first pair in a cage marked No. 1, and the female in a cage marked with a like number. Pair No. 2, in the same way, so that when he had completed this cruel divorce he had two sets of cages, numbering from 1, up to 100, one set composed entirely of males, the other of females.

His fellow student now entered with zeal into the work. He conveyed one set of the cages to Antwerp for a more thorough experimentation. At noon daily, by preconcerted arrangement, both men were with their doves, the one in Antwerp and the other in Paris.

Glancing from cage to cage, Larigot watched for a sign. Bird No. 39, would tremble, flutter and fly about the cage. He made a memorandum of it. Then bird No. 46, would show the same symptoms. That was daily noted, and so on for half an hour, by mail these memorandums were compared, and always found accurate to a figure. The number of cages of the birds tortured in Antwerp always agreed with those that suffered in Paris. It was then certain by these means they could telegraph numbers any distance.

The sympathetic action its mate told of the suffering of the distant bird. To utilize this was not difficult, for the advertisements of the Havana lottery were everywhere. Further inquiry developed the fact that in New Orleans the largest number of tickets were sent for distribution. They were kept on sale for six or seven days after the drawing of the lottery in Havana.

Nothing was more easy. His confederate would establish himself in that city, while he would make his headquarters in New Orleans.

On the day of the drawing the moment the large prizes were drawn his confederate entered his dove-room in Havana, while Larigot stood, paper in hand, in his sacred chamber in New Orleans. By a prearranged code they had adjusted all possible mistakes.

Say the \$100,000 prize was drawn by the number 36,892.

The bird in cage No. 5 in Havana was robbed of a wing feather and immediately the bird in cage No. 5 in New Orleans showed the pain of its mate, and struggled in its cage. Larigot put down 5. Then the bird in cage 68 struggled; the figures 68 were put down behind the 5, making 568. Bird 92 fluttered and the figures 92 were placed likewise making the number 56,892.

To signify that this number was complete the dove in cage No. 100 was tortured, and 100 in New Orleans responded.

When the work was through with the leading prizes, Larigot's secret agents scoured the city to purchase the lucky tickets. Sometimes he failed in securing all but never so small a number as not to net himself and confederate from \$60 to \$150,000 a month.

The death of Larigot's doves paralyzed him, and for days he walked as in a dream forgetful even of his confederate in Havana. That individual believing that his associate had secured a fortune and deserted him, for a large sum exposed the scheme to the authorities, and from that time all sale of tickets was stopped on or before the day of the drawing, to preclude that of other designs of like character.

Larigot had lived up almost to his immense gains, which was supposed to have amounted to over a million and a half, and finding his future in this direction cut off, sold his slaves, horses, etc., keeping only his wine, and has since lived a sort of hermit's life in the old house on St. Ann Street.

The above is the clear, prosaic, yet remarkable details as given by Dr. Lambert, just before his death.

Hence it is, as we said before, few people know of the history of that leather-faced old man sitting of afternoons in his gallery, puffing his cigarettes. Seasons have come and gone, war has swept his ghastly skirts over the country, but unmoved by time or blood, Charles Larigot still awakens by the Cathedral matins and totters to the French Market.

—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A girl named Flint, out in Dakota, recently married a man named Stone. What a hard time they will have traveling o'er the pebbly road of matrimony!

—The fact that Mr. Logan's wife is said to be by all odds his better half, will make it appropriate to allude to him hereafter as "demi-John."

NOTES OF A NEW ENGLAND TRIP.

NO. XI.

ON STEAMER "TREMONT," July 12, '84.

Mr. Editor:

Last letter left us at Portsmouth, where I stopped several hours, looking for agents. It is a pretty town, and has many fine old estates with large gardens attached. It is the only seaport of N. H., and has a large local trade and some commerce. The harbor is said to be capable of accommodating 20,000 vessels. Here are the Kearsarge Cotton Mills with some 20,000 spindles, and several other manufactures. Among the latter are the New Hampshire Gazette, probably the oldest paper in America; it seems to date the *Newport Mercury* by two years, having been established in 1756.

From Portsmouth we pass through Hampton, a thriving and handsome village near Hampton Beach, and other places to Newburyport. Latter is a pretty town three miles from mouth of Merrimack, built on rising ground, shaded with trees, and having a beautiful mall, with a pond of six acres. It has a population of 14,000. There are some sixteen churches, in one of which Whitefield, who died here in 1779, is buried. The four manufacturing companies make some 16,000,000 yards of cloth annually. Ship-building is a prominent business. Ipswich is a thriving town of 4,000 inhabitants, with several factories, saw, planing and grist mills.

We stop at Salem, fourteen miles from Boston. It is the oldest town in New England, except Plymouth, and it has a population of some 25,000 people. There are many manufactures of chemicals, varnishes, shoes, leather, machinery, etc. One cotton mill has 65,000 spindles. There are many fine buildings, churches and old residences. Washington square is a fine park of eight or ten acres. There are several large libraries; here also is the East Indian Museum of curiosities, gathered probably during the extensive East Indian trade which was introduced and long carried on by Salem. The city is famous for the "witchcraft" mania which raged here in 1692. It was also well known for the number of privateers (133) it fitted out during the Revolution, capturing nearly 500 British vessels. Salem is on a peninsula two miles long, and is connected by bridges with Beverly, a town of about 9,000 people, with a good harbor and many fine residences. Both towns are extensively engaged in the fisheries.

Five miles from Salem is Lynn, the great Shoe City. Nearly one-third of its population of 38,000 are engaged in making shoes, in about 200 establishments. There are also last, leather and other works connected. Some of the leather factories turn out and finish 5,000 skins per week. There are many fine buildings and residences. The brown stone city hall cost over \$300,000. Lynn has 58 public schools and 39 churches, also a free public library of 20,000 volumes. There is a beautiful common, also small public parks. The soldier's monument of bronze and granite is very fine. In the center of the city is a hill 185 feet in height, called High Rock. Near Lynn is Nahant, Swampscott, Point of Pines and Revere Beach, all places of great resort in summer.

We pass through Chelsea, a suburb of Boston, having a population of about 22,000; connected by a bridge 9,300 feet long, across the Mystic River, is Charlestown. The latter with a population of 28,000 was incorporated with Boston in 1874. Here is Bunker's Hill surmounted by a granite monument 221 feet high, 30 feet square at the base, 15 feet at the top. "The views from the top are justly considered among the finest in the world." Near here is the U. S. Navy-yard covering nearly 70 acres, and having a ropewalk 1,300 feet long, and a dry dock of chiseled granite 30 by 80 feet.

We reach Boston via Somerville, which is three miles out and has a population of 25,000. There is a public park of about 16 acres. There are numerous public schools and many manufactures, but it is principally a place of residence for Boston merchants.

Across the Charles river from Boston is Cambridge, a city of nearly 60,000 people. This includes North, East and Old Cambridge and Cambridgeport. Bridges connect Cambridge with Boston, Brookline and Brighton. The city is finely laid out in broad avenues with many shade trees. It was under one of its old claims that Washington assumed command of the American Army in the 1775. Here is Harvard University, the oldest, best and most liberally endowed educational institution of America. The grounds occupy fourteen acres, handsomely laid out. The buildings are very fine; among them is Memorial Hall said to be not excelled in grandeur by any college hall in the world. It is 310 feet long and 115 wide, with a tower 200 feet high.

In Cambridge is the beautiful and splendid cemetery of Mount Auburn, occupying 125 acres of hill and valley elegantly laid out and adorned with trees and flowers. Many of the monuments are costly and tasteful. At Cambridge is the "Riverside" and the "University Press," the latter the oldest printing establishment in America. R. H. J.

How HE CAME TO SWEAR OFF.

"No, I won't drink with you today boys," said a drummer to several of his companions, as they settled down in a smoking car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking—sworn off."

He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it, too.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking, something's up; tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, though I know you will all laugh at me. But I will tell you, all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married, as you all know. I love whiskey—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I will quit it. For seven years now a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the young man, 'but had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his condition; 'my wife bought 'em for our baby. I want a drink.' 'You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, she won't, because—because she's dead. She's lying at home,—died last night.' As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show case and wept like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions looked at each other; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.—*Chicago Herald.*

—In a certain Episcopal church in one of our Western States the leader of the choir, one Mr. Hart, always persists in sitting in front of the singers and raising his feet, which are of ponderous dimensions, high enough from the rostrum to enable the audience to obtain an idea of their enormous size, and no little amount of joking has been carried on among the parishioners over the matter. But when the rector read from the Psalter one Sunday the words "Make my feet like unto harts' feet," it evoked a laugh rather than a smile from many of his hearers.

A CORRECTION.—Over the great Los Angeles earthquake the communities down south are excessively proud. They claim that a man at San Fernando was actually thrown out of his bed by the quake. That this is untrue can be seen by perusing the following dispatch:

"EDITION.—Please correct the statement in daily papers. My husband was not thrown out of bed by an earthquake. I threw him out of bed myself, and I'll do it every time he comes home intoxicated, and lies down at the foot of the bed and puts his widdly boots in my face. (Signed) Jane Wiggins." This takes all the starch out of their fourth class earthquake in Los Angeles.

Oh, MAMA.—"Mama," said a pretty young woman of Clifton, "I have been reading an interesting article on the wearing of the hair among Japanese women and its significance."

"What does it say?"

"Well, among other things, it says much can be read from the arrangement of a woman's hair—"

"I think it is different in America," interrupted the mother.

"Why, mama?"

"Ahem, daughter; I should say, judging from the way you looked after Henry went away last night that much may be read in the disarrangement of a woman's hair."

—James R. Osgood & Co. have just published the eighth edition of their famous *New-England Guide*, very carefully revised up to date, at heavy expense. The newer resorts, like Isle au Haut, Block Island, Lake Spofford, Warramauk Lake, the Hamarocks, Deer Isle, Poland Spring, etc., are described in this edition, as well as the ancient cities and villages, the coast and mountains, the poetry and legends, of fair New-England. Every traveler should get a copy of Osgood's New-England, and by its help save time and money and temper. It is sent, post-paid, on receipt of price (\$1.50) by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

—A Vermont girl, who has married a young man by the name of William says that she intends no treason in affirming that hereafter she will follow the dictates of her own sweet will.

POLITICAL NOTES.

—Thomas A. Logan of Cincinnati, a brother of Oliver Logan and a prominent lawyer and life-long Democrat, in a long interview says he shall support the Republican ticket.

—From Greenfield, Mass., comes the word: "You have no adequate idea of the tremendous revolt against Cleveland by the workmen in the State; 20,000 Democratic workmen will repudiate him at the polls."

—In Allegheny, New York, the accords to the Republican ranks are astonishingly great. Wellsville, which usually gives 100 Democratic majority, will give Blaine at least 300 majority over Cleveland.

—A Georgia editor who has recently visited Washington, says: "In the office of Secretary Lincoln are the portraits of all his predecessors, except that of Jefferson Davis." The editor then proceeds to say: "The first thing that is done when the change of administration comes, ought to be the putting of the noble face of the grand old hero of the Mexican war, and one of the most brilliant Secretaries of the Department in all the history of the Union, in its proper place."

—"I would like copies of the bills relating to labor which Gov. Cleveland has vetoed," was the request of a Brantree man yesterday. "I haven't voted the Republican ticket much of late—have been in fact a Butler man. This year I am a Republican, and there are lots of such changes where I travel. It would astonish you if you could see the change among the laboring classes. They are very hostile to Cleveland, and as a four-year's man in the Army of the Potomac I don't fancy Hendricks when Logan is in the field."—*Boston Journal.*

—Four of the eight members of the Democratic committee of Watertown have resigned their places because they will not support Cleveland. They are Edward Fitzwilliam, chairman, Michael W. Lyons, secretary, M. J. Connelley and M. B. Colligan. Mr. Fitzwilliam has been a member of the committee 14 years and chairman 13 years, and was formerly on the State committee. He says that over 100 Irish Democrats in Watertown, or one-fourth of the party, will not go to Cleveland. An independent club is likely to be formed, to go for Butler if he runs, otherwise, for Blaine.—*Lawrence American, Mass.*

—Senator Frye is receiving large numbers of applications for his services on the stump in various States. He is hence obliged to place himself in the hands of the National Committee after our Maine election. He has been assigned to speak after our campaign closes, in West Virginia and Indiana and perhaps at other points. Senator Frye has no superior in this country and few peers as a stump speaker. A peculiarity of Mr. Frye's popularity is that the crowds that go to hear him in Maine are as big as there is standing room within earshot—which is quite as true when he speaks in Lewiston, as when he speaks in other parts of Maine.—*Lewiston Journal.*

—Prof. Richard J. Greener, the first colored graduate from Harvard, has been invited by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge to deliver a number of speeches in Massachusetts in behalf of Blaine and Logan. Mr. Greener will accept the invitation, and will speak some time in September. He has also several engagements in Maine during the early days of the campaign.

A letter from Newark, Ohio, says: "The Blaine and Logan Central Club held its first meeting last night. It was addressed by three ex-senators. Fifty old Democrats signed the roll. There will be full 100 Democrats in the city who will vote the Republican ticket, and many more in the county. I do not know a Republican in Ohio who will vote against Blaine, but from every town and precinct we hear of five, ten, twenty or more Democrats coming over to Blaine."

MRS. LIVERMORE ON THE SITUATION.

[Letter from Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.]

Either James G. Blaine or Gov. Cleveland will be elected to the Presidency. There is no chance for Gov. St. John, imbecile as he is in all respects. Were an habitual drunkard nominated for the Presidency women would work to prevent his election by all fair and honest means. The elevation to the chief magistracy of an equally intemperate man would be an equal calamity. Shall not all women exert their influence to hinder an unfortunate consummation? And the surest way to do this is to "stand by the Republicans party."

His candidates for President and Vice President are able men, whose long years of public service have entitled them to the recognition they have received. They are neither drunkards nor libertines, and their relations with women are so noble that they will be accompanied to the national capital by wives and women friends of rare intelligence, high culture and unquestioned moral worth.

"WARNED."

[Boston Traveler.]

The Democrats propose to carry Mississippi again, this year, and by the methods with which the country is familiar, and against which the Democratic party never makes a vigorous protest. The Brookhaven Democrat, published in the Seventh Congressional District (Barksdale's) of that State, calls attention to a report that the Republicans propose an aggressive campaign, and says:

We take the present opportunity thus early in the fight to show that a friendly warning to the more reckless and unprincipled demagogues of the Republican party in this and adjoining counties not to let themselves be misled by the tactics of their leaders, and to get the better of their own party, is a duty which we feel it our duty to perform. We are not in the least impressed, and if the fate of Print Matthews will add any weight to our utterances, his party will have reaped more benefit from his death than he could have conferred on it by living. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

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OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

ALBANY, Aug. 14.—Mrs. Miranda Ward, well of Cambridge, Mass., is making short calls on friends and having some work done in the cemetery where her husband and parents are laid.

Mrs. Eliza Wheeler of Shelburne, N.H., is visiting the old home of her father, the late Isaac Hinchman, who being the owner of said homestead and desiring to sell it. Any one wishing to purchase a good farm would get a fair bargain of her.

John Cummings is quite sick again and not much prospect of rallying.

Mrs. Dora Kimball is quite sick with disease of the lungs, with which she has long been afflicted.

Miss Rosa Cummings is at Old Orchard for a short vacation.

ANDOVER, Aug. 16.—A Blaine and Logan flag was hoisted on the breeze Tuesday by the Andover Blaine and Logan Club. It is 10 1/2 by 12 ft. and hangs between French's Hotel and the Gregg House.

Later, a Cleveland and Hendricks flag was raised. This flag is a fine illustration of Democratic progressiveness as regards the fitness of things,—its illustration size corresponding with the size of the record of the men whose names it bears. We presume the use of the grand-post of Captain Gould's hay-stacks as masts from which to suspend it, was to give an object lesson in campaign economy.

The village schools open Monday, the 14th, the Grammar department to be in charge of Miss Alice Bryant of Rumford, and the Primary in charge of Miss Eva Newhall of this place.

The summer term of school in Dist. No. 2, taught by Miss M. Howe of Andover, closed last Friday, with a pleasant basket picnic in Hanson's Grove.

The farmers are getting done haying and hanging up the scythes one after another, though there remains considerable grass to cut yet. The yield is from two-thirds to three-fourths that of last year.

Andover crows have got discouraged waiting for corn to grow and have gone to digging potatoes.

Rev. L. P. French gave a temperance address at the Methodist church, last Sunday evening speaking in behalf of the Prohibition Amendment.

Rev. Mr. Dams of the Cong'l Church, preached at the school house in No. 7, Roxbury, Sunday a. m., his pulpit being supplied by Rev. Mr. Thomas, the County Missionary.

F. W. Clarke, Chief Chemist of the United States Geological Survey, who is on a mineralogical visit to Maine, was in town Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

DIVFIELD.—Many of the former residents have returned to spend a few weeks with us, and with their friends and descendants. Their voices, joined with the local talent, give us many pleasant concerts. The open air ones are much enjoyed.

Our people who enjoy camping, and that includes a majority, have built good camps at Podunk and Worthyville Ponds, and they have been occupied the most of this summer. Now they are building larger and better at Wild Pond—the stock having all been taken and the contract for the lumber lot to John Gethoff of Berry's Mills.

There is a movement on foot to bring about a reunion of the descendants of Maj. Amos Trask, one of the first settlers of Dixfield.

A Blaine and Logan flag was unfurled at the corner of West and Maine Sts., Friday morning.

HARTFORD, Aug. 15.—Mrs. William Bicknell's seventy-ninth birthday was noticed on the 11th, under the same roof where she was married, and enjoyed her golden wedding, six years ago. Present—her husband, their first-born, Wm. Emory, from Boston, and wife; their oldest daughter, widow Julia C. Forbes and daughter, Mrs. W. H. Perkins, East Bethel; their second son, Henry Augustus, wife and daughter, Agnes M., whom they live with; Henry's twin mate, Hattie Augusta and husband, Wm. L. Morrill, East Bethel; Mrs. Bicknell's sister, widow Lydia A. Hartwell of North Middleboro, Mass., aged sixty-seven years, and including many others, where old and young enjoyed the festive hours as they passed. Mrs. Bicknell has spent most of her days on the farm where she now lives, within seventy rods of the celebrated Hartford Cold Spring which was known to her parents, Solomon and Kezia Bicknell.

Here was where the first bottle of spring water was ever filled with carbonic acid by machinery in Oxford County—done by Prof. C. A. Walker of Boston, 1882.

I enjoyed the company of the three County Commissioners, including others, at my residence on the 12th. It was truly a mental feast for me,—having been confined at home so long by increasing lameness.

I am much pleased to read Uncle Solo's letter in the Boston Herald of last. He is bound to die in the harness, fighting fusion in the light of truth.

MASON, Aug. 15.—Still it rains, and but very little good hay weather; much hay yet to be cut. Grass on low ground is still growing. Corn has attained a wonderful growth and promises a splendid crop, should the weather continue favorable. Grain looks well. Some pieces of winter wheat have been cut. Horace Hatchinson has just cut one acre and a half on burned land and had ninety stalks. It was very tall, averaging nearly seven feet in height, and heavily filled; many of the heads were seven inches in length. Oats have grown very rapidly, and many pieces on rich ground have lodged badly, which will prevent their filling well. Such oats had better be cut for fodder as soon as the weather is favorable. Potatoes seem to be raising badly in places; should the weather be warm and wet, the rot is to be feared. Stock is not so plenty as usual. Sales less and prices about the same as last year. Lamb have sold well—prices ranging from two and a half to three dollars and a half. Raspberries have been very plenty and they have been picked and preserved very extensively. Blueberries are not abundant—large parties are climbing our mountains to gather what few there are to be found. Should blackberries ripen well there will be enough for all, and the bears will have their share, so the sheep will be safe while they last.

W. H. Merrow, of West Bethel, secured the hide of a splendid black bear from a Mr. Blodgett of Berlin, N. H., a short time ago. He has preserved it in a most artistic manner and now it stands guard at his studio door. It looks Mrs. Bruns almost to the life, and she has between her feet a little cub, which she seems to watch with jealous care. Mr. M. has many rare specimens of birds from almost all parts of the United States and Canada, mounted in such a manner as to preserve their natural attitude, besides a great number of our more common kinds.

A. S. Benn is still running his mill in Mason. He has yet a large lot of poplar to be sawed into salt-bush stuff. He has two four-horse teams hauling spool-stock to the station at West Bethel, where he is sending off large quantities daily as he has

several men which are almost continually operated on such stock.

Our roads have been bad in Mason, and it has been a conundrum how they were to be much improved without too much expense to the town, so last spring our districts were consolidated and Nathan G. Mills was elected Commissioner. He readily solved our problem by going to work in the right way and expending the money where it would do the most good. Our roads are now in good condition and are perfectly safe in spite of the continued wet weather.

There was a party from Boston which visited Mason this summer, and climbed Carleton Mountain. They were highly delighted with their journey, and their praise of this mountain and the beautiful view from its top was very enthusiastic; they claim that the scene from its top is more grand, more beautiful, and far more satisfying than that from Mt. Washington—was here everything is nearer so that you can see a grand panorama of hill and valley, wood-land and fertile fields, rolling rivers and dancing brooks, villages and farm houses, roads, fences and even the herds and flocks on our hill-side pastures and all so near that it seems a part of the same sphere on which we stand, while from the top of Mt. Washington all diversity is lost by the distance and the vast forests on which the eye rests, instead of presenting a wonderfully diversified landscape as they really are, seen a vast tree-covered plain. Carleton Mountain and the Haystack near by, have many natural features which, when they become more fully known, will draw hither many a searcher after the grand and the beautiful in nature.

Daniel Morrill is re-shingling all of his buildings, and making great improvements upon his house; he has finished off his hog-house, and is about building a new house large enough for fifty hens.—N. M. Scribner is putting an oil to his house, and making many needed improvements on his premises.—J. C. Bean has re-shingled part of his barn.—H. G. Mason has been repairing his buildings.—Horace Hutchinson and A. G. Lovejoy have been shingling and laying new barn floors.—Everybody is busy.

There is but little said about politics. You must wait until after having to hear from the back towns.

NORWAY.—Dexter A. Hawkins, esq., of New York, is in Norway for a short visit. The New York Dramatic Company prepared on Monday night, at Norway Hall, "Damon and Pythias"; on Tuesday evening, "Emeralda"; and on Wednesday, "The House of the Dead".

A Blaine and Logan flag has been raised, by Gen. Best's residence.

Mrs. Capt. Whitmarsh has been in Augusta with her husband during muster.

Mrs. Fred Mitchell of Bath is visiting Mrs. H. L. Horne.

Gen. Beale and family have been spending a few weeks in Augusta.

A party of gentlemen and ladies from Texas are visiting at Beale's Hotel.

The campaign opens Wednesday night, Aug. 20, with Gen. J. A. Hall as speaker. Mrs. Whitmarsh, formerly of this town, is visiting relatives.

The Universalist Church will have no services in the afternoon until the first of September. Rev. Miss Angel is away on a vacation.

Mrs. Susan Smith, and daughter Emma, have arrived from Boston, where they have been some three or four months.

OXFORD.—The Republicans opened the campaign Aug. 18th. All day long the rain poured down without ceasing. Had it been pleasant a band and a large delegation was expected from Paris, another from Norway, and a large company from Dixfield. 'T would have been the largest political meeting for years. As it was, though it had rained all day and the mud was ankle deep in some places, the church was full. Dr. Hervey introduced Gen. J. L. Swift, of Boston, who has stamped this State every presidential year for 30 years, with a few appropriate remarks. Mr. Swift began his speech by a few laudatory remarks which won the good will of his audience at once. Then he showed up vividly the utter failure of Carl Schurz's speech on Blaine, and showed that Blaine was one of the purest statesmen since Washington. He devoted a few minutes to ridiculing the campaign scares the Democrats are trying to raise. The Democratic Platform was a regular junk shop wherein were heaped contradictions and impossibilities. He compared it with the starlightward, plain, honest platform of the Republicans, and gave a scathing review of the past record of the Democrats. We can only judge of what they will do in the future by what they have done in the past. He told of a poor soldier whom he met at Augusta, who was wounded in times at the battle of Gettysburg, and who says he only wants to live for the sake of casting his vote for the soldiers' best friend James G. Blaine. He met another soldier in Boston, who lost both arms by a shell, who says he will carry a vote for Blaine in his teeth to the ballot box. Everywhere the soldiers are rallying for Blaine, the man of their choice and for whom they have been waiting so long. He spoke of the utter lack of enthusiasm for Cleveland on every side. Are the Democrats ashamed of their own candidate? The New York Star, the leading Democratic agent says the only hope for the party is for Cleveland to resign. His nomination was a frightful blunder. Why does not Cleveland send out his letter of acceptance? Why are so many at work trying to catch it up? Are the Democrats such imbeciles that the entire party can't get up a simple letter? or are they in a quandary and don't know what to do or where to turn? The talk of Cleveland the "great reformer" is sickening. He is one of the greatest "bosses" known. He signed every bill against his enemies in Tammany; he vetoed every bill against the County Democracy's friends; he vetoed the tenure of office bill for the sake of shielding his friend, Herbert O. Thompson, the "Tweed of New York"; he was nominated through the influence of the "gag law." The poor car drivers of New York are compelled to work 17 hours a day. One driver told the speaker he had a little girl whom he loved as his own life, yet he had never seen her by day light, except on Sunday days. Even the slaves in the old southern States were not compelled to work 17 hours a day. When a Republican legislature passed a bill for the relief of these poor men, Grover Cleveland vetoed it. "By their fruits shall ye know them." By his record judge for a few remarks on the Grover. The party who tries to uphold free trade is doomed. Free Trade is slavery for the laborer. Men work in some parts of Europe for ten cents a day. Factories pay girl weavers 25 cents a day. If the protective tariff was removed, manufacturers would be compelled to reduce wages to correspond with those in Europe, or shut down. Once in Van Buren's time the tariff was very low, and farmers had to sell potatoes for 12 cents a bushel, and other crops in proportion. He promised in conclusion 175,000 Republican votes in Mass. for Blaine.

Charles B. Caldwell, formerly of this village, is now foreman of the railroad stone quarry at North Jay. Saturday he went out before breakfast about 5 o'clock to touch off three blasts which had been prepared in the quarry the night before. He lighted the fuse and retired to a safe distance. Two of them went off all right; the third failed to explode. After waiting a long time he went up to see what the trouble was. As he was leaning directly over the blast it exploded, blowing the unfortunate man out of the quarry—so he thinks. His chin and neck were badly burned and filled with powder, his eyes blinded so his sight is lost in his right eye although he can now see a little with the other, a strip of flesh cut off the entire length of his arm, from wrist to shoulder, and a bad gash cut in his head. He was all alone. A short time after, his daughter found him standing erect, but crazed and bewildered by the awful shock. She took hold of his uninjured hand and lead and supported him slowly to his home. He soon sunk into an unconscious state in which he remained three days. He is now improving and as he is a tough, healthy man, full of hope, will probably recover. Every one here speaks well of him and extends their sympathy for his unfortunate accident.

PARIS.—A primary school, under the instruction of Miss A. Louise Doe will open in the school house, Monday, Sept. 2, some time the Academy commences.

Rev. G. M. P. King of Washington, D.C., preached in the Baptist church, last Sabbath.

Gen. James A. Hall of Damariscotta, spoke on the political issues of the day, at the Court House last Saturday evening. He was greeted by a large audience, composed of citizens of Paris Hill and vicinity, with a good delegation from South Paris. Gen. Hall is a popular campaign orator, as well as a practical temperance advocate. He has a splendid war record, and is highly respected throughout the State. Gen. Hall devoted quite a portion of his address to a discussion of the tariff question, which he considers the leading issue of this campaign. He showed up Cleveland's public record, and made a brief review of the history of the two parties. The address was well received, and we bespeak for General Hall a full house at the other points where he is engaged.

Rev. Mr. Forbes preached in the Universalist church, last Sabbath. Miss Angel is taking a vacation.

Gov. Perham is stamping in Arrostook County. He will be gone most of this week.

So, PARIS.—Mrs. J. Carpenter and her son, Annie C. Morse, wife and daughter, from Waltham, Mass., are visiting friends at South Paris. They think of returning to Waltham the last of next week.

PERSONAL.—The Cheles, Mass., Telegraph has the following in relation to persons and places well known in this section.

Capt. Wm. R. Swan, of this city, who commanded Co. C, of the 5th Reg't M. V. M., at Fort Mifflin in 1861, was the first officer from this city receiving a commission.

Mrs. Luther Newhall and her daughter, Mrs. Boyden, with Mrs. Albert Blanchard, will enjoy the charming scenery surrounding the Maine State Fair, Maine, for the remainder of the summer.

Frank E. DeLoane and Gustavus Sargent, Jr., are pleasantly passing their vacation with Mr. L. S. Swan, at Turkey Hill, So. Paris.

Misses Edna A. Swan, Abbie Jaguth and Grace M. Newhall, with Willie Swan are enjoying life at the pleasant Maplewood Farm, So. Paris. Mr. Albert Blanchard has joined Mrs. Blanchard at the same place.

ROXBURY, Aug. 18.—Rev. Charles Dams of Andover, preached at No. 7, Roxbury, last Sunday forenoon and at No. 3, Hyron, in the afternoon; Rev. L. P. French of Andover, preached at the latter place, August 3.

REMEMOIN.—Superintendent Wells, of Livermore, with a crew of men are repairing and widening the canal to the old mill site at Rumford Falls preparatory to the erection of a board mill, says the Canton Telegraph.

M. L. Lyman's house took fire, Tuesday night between the roof boards and chimney, near the chimney, but the timely discovery by his wife prevented a conflagration.

The following officers were installed by the Deputy of the I. O. G. T., at this place, last Wednesday evening: F. C. Small, W. C. Miss Lulu Hoyt, W. V. Miss Juliette Lufkin, W. T. Mrs. M. C. Kenter, W. S. Rev. G. B. Hannaford, W. C. Miss Annie Farnum, A. S. Miss Annie Patnam, R. H. S. Miss May Penley, L. H. S. Herwood Wood, O. G. The Lodge is in good working order. The Juvenile Temple also meet every week, and new members joining nearly every week. A good interest is manifested by the children, and we hope much will result from their meetings.

Mr. John Stevens from Waltham, Mass., is about putting up a new store in this place he is a likely young man, and we wish him much success.

Mrs. Sheldon Farnum has gone to R. I., to visit friends. Mr. W. W. Kimball and wife are visiting his brother, Mr. Virgil Kimball, of this place.

Mr. Vaughn has had one eye taken out. Thursday, the 11th, three little boys went to the river to swim. One little boy about eight years old, got in too deep water and went down out of sight, which frightened the other boys, and they gave a scream that brought to their rescue another little boy whose name is Ernest Farnum, who is about twelve years of age, who immediately jumped into the water and brought the drowning boy to the shore.

There was quite a large gathering at the town hall, Friday evening, to listen to Gen. J. L. Swift, of Mass. He is an able speaker. Milton Brass Band was present and played for the occasion.

Miss Blanche Abbott closed her school Friday.

Farmers have not finished their haying yet. So much cloudy weather is a great hindrance.

REUNION.—GATHERING OF THE SIXTEENTH MAINE VETERAN'S ASSOCIATION.

Capt. J. O. Lord, president; George D. Blaine, vice president; Col. W. T. Tilden, Col. A. B. Farnham, Lieut. D. L. Warren, Col. A. W. Wildes, Capt. E. F. Davis, directors; Luther Bradford, secretary and treasurer; and some sixty members of the Sixteenth Maine Veteran's Association are holding a reunion here to-day. An informal meeting was held in the morning and an adjourned session in the afternoon. Major business meeting in the afternoon. His manuscript read extracts from the manuscript history of the regiment. Members of the Sixteenth Maine present were invited to participate in the exercises. A report was made favoring the union of the 16th and 2nd Maine regiments at Skowhegan next year. Major Small, Col. Tilden, Col. Farnham and Lieut. Blaine were chosen to revise the history of the regiment. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Lt. Geo. D. Blaine. Vice Presidents—Charles O. Wadsworth and Charles E. Chase. Directors—Granville Richmond, S. S. Vose, Bray Wilkins. Secretary and Treasurer—Luther Bradford, Woodford, Me.

Voted to accept the invitation of Col. Wildes and hold the 1885 reunion at Skowhegan.

The Committee on History of the Regiment reported that the cost of the same will be \$1.00 per volume, and requested those who will subscribe for same to send their names to Secretary Bradford.

Col. Tilden, Capt. Davis and others, of the 16th, coming from Castine where the Regiment was organized—the citizens of the town took great interest in this reunion and tendered the companies an elegant banquet at the Town Hall in the evening. The citizens, both ladies and gentlemen, were present in large numbers. The tables were spread for one hundred and fifty and the hall was beautifully decorated.

The Castine Band were present and contributed their full share to the festivities of the occasion.

Col. Wildes, toast-master of the occasion, announced the toasts, which were responded to by Col. Tilden and Farnham. Major Small, Captain Lord, Lieut. Blaine, Warren and others, of the 16th, also by citizens of Castine. Colonel C. W. Roberts, of the old Second Maine, was present, and contributed much to make the boys happy with their old army remembrances. It was an occasion long to be remembered.

Let all be present and answer to the roll call at Skowhegan in 1885.

WESTERN MAINE BEE-KEEPERS. The regular quarterly meeting of the Western Maine Bee-keepers' Association will be held on Wed. J. A. Morton, at Bethel, Aug. 24 and 25.

PROGRAMME. Opening session, Tuesday, August 26th, at 1 o'clock p. m., in Castine business. Reading of reports, discussions, President's address, etc.

Wednesday, Aug. 27th. Morning—reading of essays, followed by discussions on various interesting matters pertaining to bee-keeping.

Afternoon session: Questions and answers, discussions, closing business, etc.

Sometimes during the meeting the Doctor's bees will be interviewed, and various other manipulations in the apiary will be practically demonstrated. Free entertainment will be furnished to all in attendance and it is hoped that reduced railroad fares will be secured.

Now, brother bee-keepers, come one and all, and make this the best bee meeting ever held in Maine.

E. D. WELLCOME, Secy. Poland, Aug. 14.

EXCURSION FROM SOUTH PARIS.—Mt. Missa Lodge, No. 17, I. O. O. F., of South Paris, celebrated their tenth anniversary by a grand excursion to Portland and to Cape Elizabeth yesterday. The party numbered about 200. They left home at 7 a. m., coming to the city over the Grand Trunk Railway, 400 feet the steamer Emma at Franklin Wharf, 100 going to Cape Elizabeth. The party took their party on a sail around the islands, and they landed at Jones's at 10:15 o'clock. All who went to the island visited Greenwood garden. The excursionists left Portland for home at 5:30 p. m.—Press.

The excursion was a success, in every particular, and the Old Fellows and their guests are under obligations to the Grand Trunk Railroad for courtesies on this occasion. The managers not only reduced fares so as to make the excursion a possibility for the party. An excursion train was run from Portland to South Paris, after the regular express, in order to accommodate the party. This liberal policy will be profitable to the road, in the long run.

—Many doubt the expediency of incorporation of the prohibition amendment with the State Constitution, but now that it is before the people, it is acknowledged by all that the importance of success transcends all other considerations. The amendment not only ought to be carried, but it must be such a vote as will give it great moral effect. There is no question of its success.—Sawyer Reporter.

GOOD RIDING.—One day last week, Will Perham, son of ex-Gov. Perham, departed from Paris at 10 o'clock a. m. on his bicycle. He arrived in Augusta at 11:30 a. m. the same day, and after dining with Dr. Lapham, again mounted his machine, and continued on his way, arriving in Bangor at 10 o'clock, having made 115 miles in a single day.

Obituary. Hon. Noah B. Hubbard died in Bangor on the evening of August 10th, aged 48 years, 9 months and 8 days. He was born in Bangor, Maine, on the 11th of October, 1836, and was the son of a prominent family. He was educated at Bangor Academy, and at Bowdoin College, where he graduated in 1858. He was a member of the Maine State Bar Association, and was a prominent lawyer and politician. He was married to Miss Mary Hubbard, and they had three children. He died of a heart attack while on a business trip to Bangor.

Rev. Mr. W. M. Kimball, of this place, was a member of the Maine State Bar Association, and was a prominent lawyer and politician. He was married to Miss Mary Kimball, and they had three children. He died of a heart attack while on a business trip to Bangor.

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